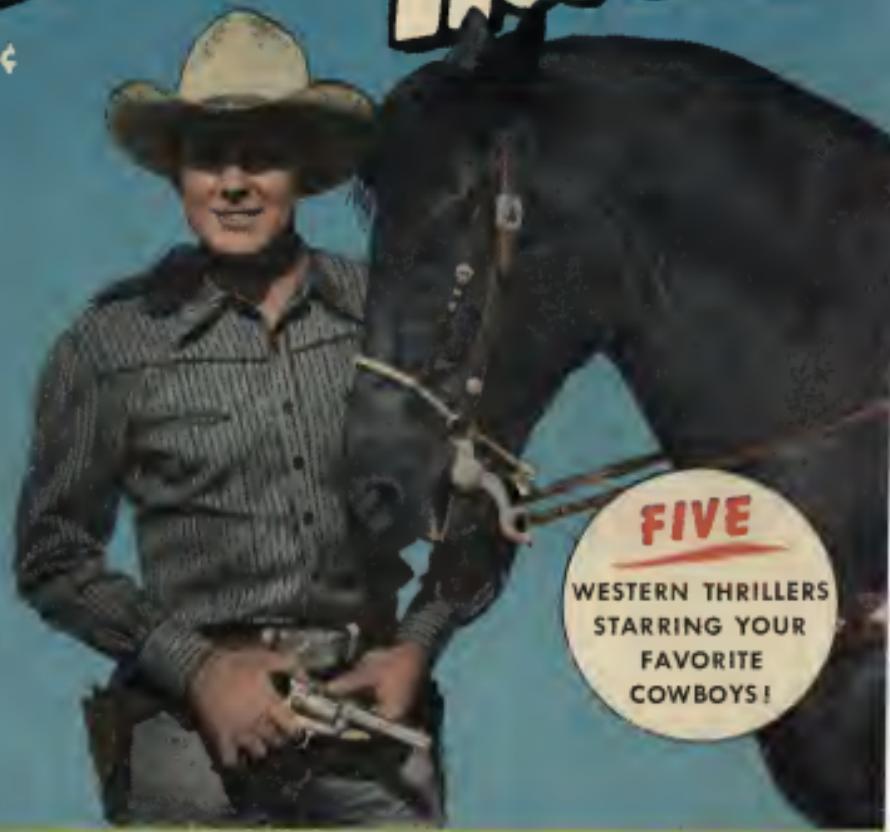


CDC  
SIX-GUN HEROES

A CHARLTON PUBLICATION

# Six-Gun Heroes

10¢



**FIVE**

WESTERN THRILLERS  
STARRING YOUR  
FAVORITE  
COWBOYS!



HOPALONG CASSIDY



TEX RITTER



ROCKY LANE



LASH LARUE



# SIX-GUN HEROES

The following outstanding magazines are easily identified on their covers by the words A CHARLTON PUBLICATION.

ATOMIC MOUSE • COWBOY WESTERN HEROES • CRIME AND JUSTICE • FUNNY ANIMALS  
KID DIXIE THIS CLEVER COMIC • HAUNTED HOT RODS AND RACING CARS • POT OF GOLD  
LASH LAKUE WESTERN • ROCKY LANE WESTERN • HACKETT SQUAD • SIX-GUN HEROES  
ROMANTIC STORY • SCIENCE-FICTION SPACE ADVENTURES • STRANGE SUSPENSE STORIES  
SWEETHEARTS • TEX RITTER WESTERN • TRUE LIFE SECRETS • TV TEENS  
ZOO FUNNIES • THE THING

Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

# HOPALONG CASSIDY

## meets BULLETHEAD The 3D KILLER

Starring  
WILLIAM  
BOYD

SEE FOR YOURSELF, SHERIFF! THREE OF MY PRIZE BULLS WERE KILLED DURING THE NIGHT! FROM THE LOOKS OF THEIR HEADS, THE KILLER MUST HAVE CRUSHED THEIR SKULLS IN WITH A SLEDGE HAMMER! BUT WHY? IF HE STOLE THEM, THAT'S ONE THING! BUT JUST TO KILL THEM AND LEAVE THEM LYIN' THERE DOESN'T MAKE SENSE!

IT SURE DOESN'T, MALONE! AND YOU'RE HOT THE ONLY ONE THIS HAS BEEN HAPPENING TO! YOU'RE THE FOURTH RANCHER TO REPORT A SIMILAR COMPLAINT THIS WEEK!

HOPALONG CASSIDY is based on the character originated by CLARENCE E. MULFORD

WELL, WHAT ARE YEH GOING TO DO ABOUT IT, HOPALONG? THESE BULLS ARE WORTH A FORTUNE! I CAN'T AFFORD TO GO ON LOSING THEM!

THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO AND THAT'S FIND SOME GLUE TO WORK ON! BUT UNTIL THEN, YOU RANCHERS WILL HAVE TO KEEP CONTINUAL GUARD ON YOUR CATTLE—DAY AND NIGHT! I'LL WARN ALL THE OTHER RANCHERS IN TWIN RIVER IMMEDIATELY!

I RECOGNIZE HIM FROM THE DESCRIPTION I SAW ON THE WANTED POSTER IN THE POST OFFICE! IT'S BULLETHEAD!



THAT NIGHT, AT THE BAR Z RANCH...

HEY, TOM! DO YEH HEAR SOMETHIN'?

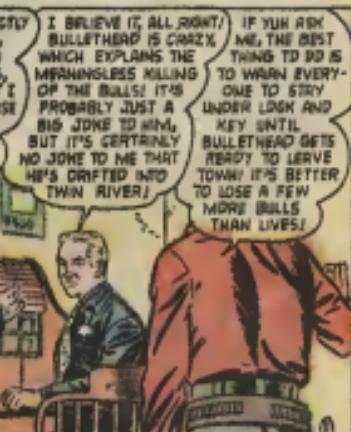
NOTHING! IT'S JUST YORE NERVES!

NERVES, NOTHING! (GULP!) IT'S A HUMAN MONSTER!



BULLETHEAD, THE THREE D KILLER, DANGEROUS, DEMONIC, DEMENTED! NOT ONLY IS HIS HEAD SHAPED LIKE A BULLET, BUT IT HAS ALL THE DEADLY FORCE OF ONE, TOO! MANY A POOR HOMBRE HAS BEEN KILLED IN A BRAWL FROM JUST ONE BLOW OF BULLETHEAD'S SKULL!

# SIX-GUN HEROES



IF YUH ASK ME, THE BEST THING TO DO IS TO WARM EVERYONE TO STAY UNDER LOCK AND KEY UNTIL BULLETHEAD GETS READY TO LEAVE TOWN! IT'S BETTER TO LOSE A FEW MORE BULLS THAN LIVES!

# SIX-GUN HEROES

WHEN THE PEOPLE ELECTED ME SHERIFF, THEY EXPECTED ME TO MAKE IT POSSIBLE FOR THEM TO WALK AROUND AS FREE PEOPLE AT ALL TIMES! IT'S MY DUTY BULLETHEAD TO CARRY OUT THAT OBLIGATION! AIN'T HUMAN! I CAN'T LET BULLETHEAD OR ANYONE ELSE FORCE THE TWIN RIVER CITIZENS TO LOCK THEMSELVES IN THEIR HOMES!

BUT EVERY HONORABLE WHO TRIED TO CAPTURE HIM NEVER LIVED TO TELL THE TALE!

DUTY IS DUTY! NOW WE HAVE TO WORK OUT SOME WAY SO I CAN BE NOTIFIED THE MOMENT ANYONE SPOTS BULLETHEAD AGAIN!

**A** N EMERGENCY MEETING OF THE TWIN RIVER RANCHERS IS CALLED AND SHORTLY AFTER...

...AND THE MOMENT ANYONE SEES BULLETHEAD, HE'S TO BARRICADE HIMSELF IN HIS RANCH HOUSE AND SEND UP A FLARE THROUGH THE CHIMNEY! I'LL BE WATCHING FOR IT SO THERE'S NO CHANCE OF MY MISSING IT!



# SIX-GUN HEROES

HE CAN'T DO ANY CHARGING IF HE CAN'T MOVE HIS FEET! IT'S ONLY HIS HEAD I'VE GOT TO WATCH OUT FOR!

OKAY, THE REST OF YOU! YOU CAN COME OUT AND TIE HIM UP WHILE I KEEP HIM COVERED!



S  
MORTALLY  
BETTER...

WITH YOU ON THE LOOSE I DIDN'T DARE GO TO SLEEP! BUT NOW THAT YOU'RE SAFELY LOCKED UP, I CAN AFFORD TO TAKE TWENTY WINKS!



BUT AS HOPALONG DOZES OFF...



AND AS THE NOISE WAKES UP THE SHERIFF...



B  
UT AS HOPALONG UNLOCKS AND ENTERS THE CELL, THE CAREY BULLETPROOF SHEARS IN THROUGH THE FRONT OF THE JAIL HOUSE...

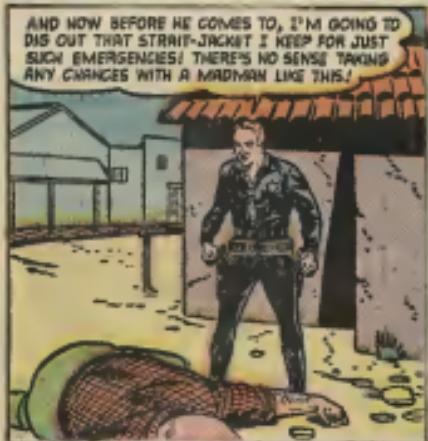
I CAN'T SEE HIM! BUT HE COULDN'T HAVE GOTTEN TOO FAR AWAY IN SO SHORT A TIME!



I'D BETTER GET TOPPER AND GO AFTER HIM... (GULP!)

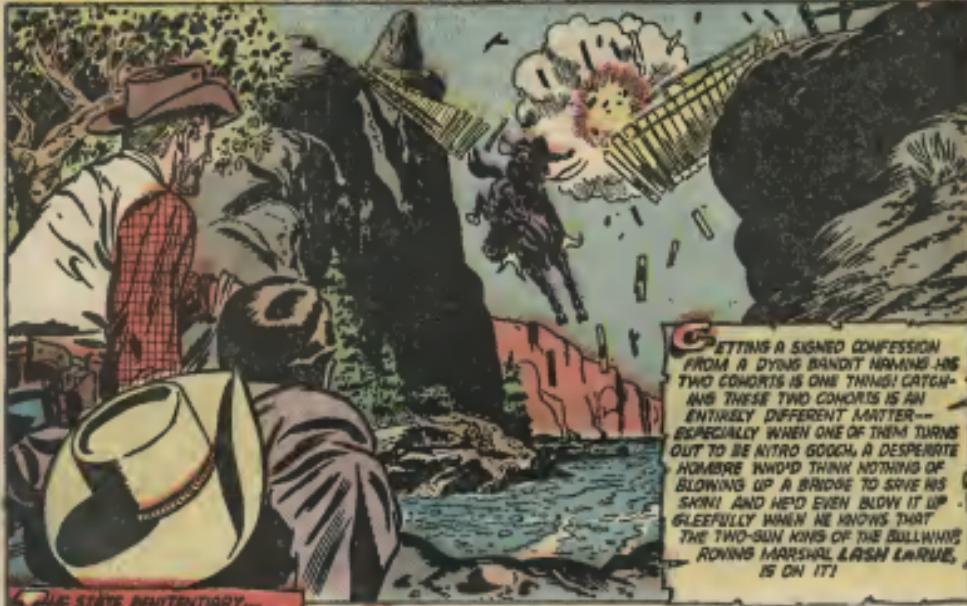


# SIX-GUN HEROES



# Lash LARUE

The DANGEROUS CONFESSION



GETTING A SIGNED CONFESSION FROM A DYING BANDIT HAVING HIS TWO COHORTS IS ONE THING; CATCHING THESE TWO COHORTS IS AN ENTIRELY DIFFERENT MATTER—ESPECIALLY WHEN ONE OF THEM TURNS OUT TO BE NITRO GOOCH, A DESPERATE HOMBRE WHO'D THINK NOTHING OF BLOWING UP A BRIDGE TO SAVE HIS SKIN! AND HE'D EVEN BLOW IT UP GLEEFULLY WHEN HE KNOWS THAT THE TWO-GUN KINGS OF THE BULLWHIPS, RONIN MARSHAL LASH LARUE, IS ON IT!

## THE STATE PRINCIPALITY

YOU SENT FOR ME, WARDEN? YES, LASH! KILLER BUGAN'S DYING AND WANTS TO MAKE A COMPLETE CONFESSION ABOUT THE OTHERS WHO WERE IN ON THAT RAILROAD WRECKING JOB WITH HIM—BUT HE SAYS HE'LL CONFESS ONLY TO YOU!



## KILLER BUGAN'S CELL...

— AND I DON'T WANT TO DIE WITH IT ON MY CONSCIENCE! MY TWO PARTNERS WERE NITRO GOOCH AND BOB ROBBINS! IF YOU'LL JUST SIGN THIS CONFESSION, I'LL HAVE ENOUGH EVIDENCE TO SEND THE TWO OF THEM TO JAIL FOR LIFE!



YEH JUST GOT HIS SIGNATURE IN TIME, LASH! HE'S DEAD!

I'LL HEAD RIGHT BACK TO THE CHIEF MARSHAL'S OFFICE WITH THIS CONFESSION! THEN HE CAN SEND OUT AN ALARM TO PICK UP NITRO GOOCH AND BOB ROBBINS WHEREVER THEY'RE SPOTTED!



# SIX-GUN HEROES

**B**UT THE PRISON UNDER-GROUND HASTIES NO TIME IN GETTING OUT WORD OF THE LATE KILLER DUGAN'S CONFESSION, AND

THE ONLY WAY WE CAN STRY OUT OF JAIL, NITRO, IS BY GETTING RID OF THAT CONFESSION! WITH DUGAN DEAD HE CAN'T SIGN ANOTHER, AND THEY COULDN'T CONVICT US ON A DEAD MAN'S TESTIMONY!

DON'T WORRY, ROBBINS! THAT MARSHAL HAS TO PASS ACROSS THIS BRIDGE TO REACH THE CHIEF MARSHAL'S OFFICE, AND --

-- I'M READY!

QUICK! GET OUT OF SIGHT! I HEAR SOMEONE COMING!

THAT'S HIM NOW!

AS SOON AS HE'S HALFWAY ACROSS, I'LL TOSS THE NITRO!

NITRO GLYCERINE



WAH GOES THE MARSHAL AND THE CONFESSION!



IF THE BLAST DIDN'T KILL HIM, THE FALL SURELY WILL! WE CAN GO BACK AND RELAX NOW!



# SIX-GUN HEROES



# SIX-GUN HEROES



AT THE SAME TIME...

(GULP!) THE DOOR'S OPENING! THIS IS MY FIRST DAY ON THE JOB AND I'M LIABLE TO LOSE IT IF THAT HOMBRE IS ANGRY AT MY COMING INTO HIS ROOM BEFORE THE HOUR IS UP! I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO!



I'M NOT SURE EXACTLY WHAT KIND OF TRAP YET! BUT WAIT--THAT BULLWHIP ON THE TABLE GIVES ME AN IDEA! I'VE GOT A PIECE OF BLACK STRING IN MY POCKET THAT I'M GOING TO TIE TO THE TIP OF IT!



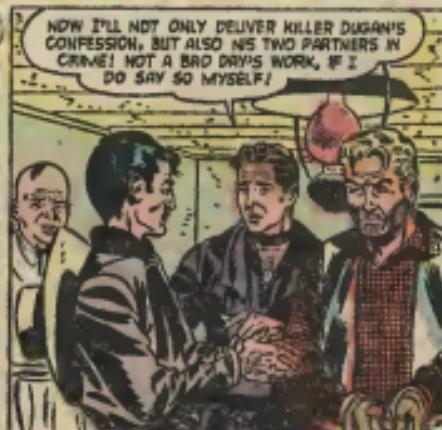
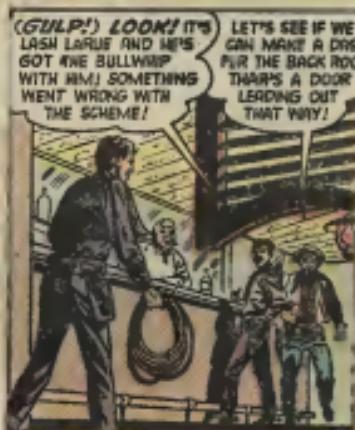
CORRECT! AND THE CONFESSION WITH HIM!



# SIX-GUN HEROES



# SIX-GUN HEROES





# POWERLESS



A hot-tempered cowboy once remarked that Wells City was a place of marked cards, loaded dice, false weights, and bullets in the back. It had its own boot hill cemetery where those who had quickly departed from this world were given a free burial — and one man ran the town.

Charlie Russell was worried, and he was no expert at concealing his feelings. He wrinkled his high narrow forehead and then ran his left hand through his thinning black hair. His right hand was near his holster, as though he expected trouble.

"Boss," he said, "the man from Washington and that fellow with the long beard arrived on the stage. Both are staying at the hotel. Frank and Mae have been following them. The man from Washington got a shave at Mack's and then went back to the hotel. The boys have seen the editor of the paper, the Widow Cooper, and Doc Perkins. Now what do we do?"

The man who was being addressed was in his early fifties. His round, chubby face, bald head, and friendly pale blue eyes were deceiving. Joe Farber would smile at you one minute, and then have one of his boys shoot you the next. His desire was to run everything in Wells City and then get control of the territory. Seated behind his desk in the private office of the United Mining Company he looked like a kind executive. But the editor of the town paper, in a serious mood, had once re-

marked, "Only a witch would marry a killer like Joe."

He thumped his fingers on the desk before answering. "They can do all the questioning they want. What can they find? Nothing at all! We got a dozen witnesses to prove that Frenchy was drunk the night you killed him in self defense. You were acquitted by the coroner's jury. And he had a thousand dollars in his pocket which I paid him for his claim on White Cloud Hill. We got nothing to worry about."

Charlie Russell wasn't in the mood to argue with his boss. But there was one thing he wanted to know. "Just suppose they come here?" he asked. And as though in reply to his question there was a knock on the door. "Come in," shouted Joe Farber, "the door's open."

Two men entered the private office. The first wore a long black coat and a black beard. His face was thin, as though he was a man used to deep meditation on the problems of the world. Yet there was a kind smile playing around his thin lips. The other man was the smaller of the two and wore sideburns. He spoke.

"I am Edward J. Petersen, of the United States Secret Service. My companion, at whom you are both staring, is Dr. Pierre Dubois. As you know, a man called Frenchy was killed two months ago in this town. His full name was Francois Dubois, the brother of my companion. Francois Dubois, at the time of his death, was

# SIX-GUN HEROES

a citizen of France. The French Government has requested Washington to investigate the matter and then send a full report to Paris."

Joe Farber wet his lips as though to stoll for time before replying. By every crooked means at his disposal he had built up his empire, and now it was being threatened. He was conscious of his increased heartbeat.

"If I can be of any help to you in this matter," he began, "I want both of you to call upon me. The incident was a most unfortunate one to happen in our fair town. Mr. Dubais, or 'Frenchy' as we called him, was drinking heavily. A fight started, he pulled his gun and threatened to kill my friend, who had to shoot him in self defense. You can check on that story. The Widow Cooper, the editor of our local newspaper, and Doc Perkins will tell you the same story."

Dr. Pierre Dubois eyed Joe Farber carefully. "For ten years I taught philosophy in one of the leading universities of France before I came to this country. And there is one fact that I have constantly taught to my students. No man can create a perfect lie. Far by its very nature only Truth can be perfect. A lie must be Imperfect. And the man who tries to build a story on a series of Imperfections will be destroyed by his own creation. Have I made myself clear?"

Charlie Russell turned to his boss. "I don't know what this labo is talking about. Guess he has a hole in his head. Maybe he was scalped by a Sioux. Got to see a man about buying a brown stallion. Goin' to leave now."

"You better listen to what Dr. Dubois has to say," suggested Mr. Peterson. "Because it concerns you." "Concerns me?" echoed Charlie Russell. "To be exact," corrected the Frenchman, "I would say it concerns both of you. That is, one lie for the two of you."

"What kind of silly talk is this?" snapped Joe Farber. "I thought I could be of help to both of you. But I haven't any time for this kind of nonsense. There are more important affairs that require my attention. Good day, gentlemen."

Dr. Dubois made no move to leave the room, and Mr. Peterson shifted his position so that he was between Charlie Russell and the door. Dr. Dubois gazed directly at Joe Farber as he began to speak.

"My brother came to this country to look for gold. He found it and wrote to my mother back in France. You must have killed him for his mining claim and forged his name to the papers. You see, my brother couldn't have been drunk. He happens to have had a physiological condition to which drink would have resulted in death. It was an impossibility for him to drink. That is why your story is a lie. No doubt you thought it was clever. But remember, a lie

is always imperfect."

Both of Joe Farber's hands were on his desk. He saw his empire teetering. A man like him could only see one way out of his difficulty. He looked at Charlie Russell and slowly nodded his head. His right-hand man understood the nod, and in a flash his six-shooter was out of the holster.

"You first," he sneered at the Frenchman. "Never shot one of these professors before, but there must always be a first time. Sure, I killed Frenchy, just like I killed the others. Wouldn't sign his name to a quit claim for his land. But it won't do you any good to know this where you're going."

There was no sign of fear on Dr. Dubois' face. His low voice was firm. "Start pulling the trigger of your gun — and see if you can kill me."

There was an explosion, then another, then a third, and fourth. Four bullets fired point-blank at the chest of the Frenchman. Yet he was standing and smiling. Joe Farber's face betrayed his amazement. "I'm still alive in case that is what is bothering you," calmly said Dr. Dubois.

The gun dropped from Russell's hand to the floor. Joe Farber made no attempt to go for the six-shooter he kept in his desk. Mr. Peterson had his gun ready, but found no need for it. The arrest was an easy one.

The guard in the territorial penitentiary turned the key of the cell. "Rules say you have five minutes to speak to the condemned man. He will be hung tomorrow." Dr. Dubois looked pitifully at the man that once had been Joe Farber. On the cot there sat a broken-down shell of a human being. "Thanks for coming," Joe said. "They hung Charlie last week, and I'm next. There is one thing that's been driving me mad. Why didn't you die when Charlie shot you?"

"You have your choice of three reasons, and you can take the one you like best," replied Dubois. "First, you created an empire of lies and it had to smash. I was only the instrument upon which it crumbled. Or secondly, you can say it was something of a miracle. Finally, you couldn't kill me with a gun aimed at my chest. Two months previously I had been seriously injured when the horse I was riding stumbled. I fell to the ground, with the horse upon me. Six of my ribs were broken. My entire body was encased in a plaster-of-paris cast, underneath which there were light steel plates."

Joe Farber looked at Dr. Dubois for a few minutes in silence. Then he slowly mumbled. "Well, I guess any of the three reasons will do. Seems like I can only think clear and straight when it's too late, anyway, thanks for comin' to see me."

The End

# SIX-GUN HEROES

REPUBLIC PICTURES STAR

# Rocky Lane

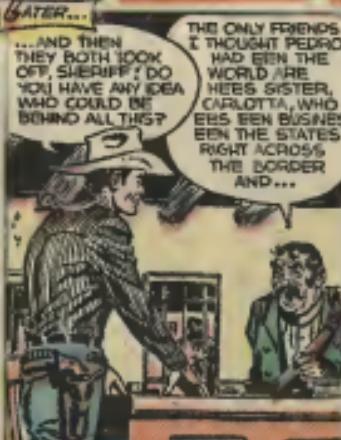
# The HIDDEN CARGO

"ALL MEXICO WAITING  
LONG TIME TO SEE PEDRO  
CORTEZ HANG ! HE'S BROTHER  
PANCHO, GO TOMORROW !  
LET ME GOOD RIDDANCE  
TO THE WORST BANDITS  
IN ALL MEXICO ?"

"THERE GOES THE  
ROPE ! THERE BEES  
NO WAY OUT FOR  
HEEM THEES  
TIME ?"

"LOOK ...  
SOMEBODY  
HAS SLICED  
THE ROPE !"

# SIX-GUN HEROES



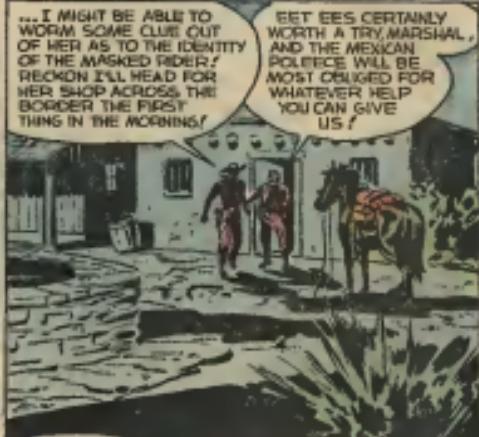
# SIX-GUN HEROES

YOU DO NOT REALLY  
THEINK I WOULD TELL  
YOU EVEN IF I  
KNEW?

NOT REALLY, BUT SINCE  
YOUR SISTER PROBABLY  
HAS NOT HEARD OF THE  
ESCAPE YET...

...I MIGHT BE ABLE TO  
WORM SOME CLUE OUT  
OF HER AS TO THE IDENTITY  
OF THE MASKED RIDER?  
RECKON I'LL HEAD FOR  
HER SHOP ACROSS THE  
BORDER THE FIRST  
THING IN THE MORNIN'!

SET SIS CERTAINLY  
WORTH A TRY, MARSHAL,  
AND THE MEXICAN  
POLICE WILL BE  
MOST OBEDIENT FOR  
WHATEVER HELP  
YOU CAN GIVE  
US!



# SIX-GUN HEROES



THE WAY SHE SPOKE  
SENT CHILLS UP MY SPINE!  
I NEVER HEARD A GIRL TALK  
THAT WAY ABOUT HER BROTHERS  
EVEN IF THEY ARE  
NO GOOD! THERE'S SOMETHING  
ABOUT IT I DON'T  
LIKE!

I'VE GOT A HUNCH! I THINK I'LL  
HAVE A TALK WITH THE BORDER  
OFFICIALS! MAYBE THEY CAN  
GIVE ME SOME INFORMATION  
THAT WILL HELP TO SOLVE  
THIS CASE!

*S*oon...

THAT'S RIGHT!  
I'M TRYING TO  
FIND OUT IF THIS  
GIRL, CARLOTA  
CORTEZ, CROSSED  
THE BORDER  
RECENTLY!

ACCORDING TO THE  
RECORDS, ROCKY, YES-  
TERDAY AFTERNOON  
WAS THE FIRST TIME  
SHE CROSSED IN  
MONTHS! SHE WAS  
CARRYING A CARGO  
OF ANTIQUE SUITS  
OF ARMOR!



SUITS OF ARMOR! A PERFECT  
PLACE TO HIDE SOMEONE!  
THIS STARTED AS A HUNCH...  
BUT THE WAY THINGS ARE  
SHAPING UP, IT MAY TURN OUT  
TO BE MORE THAN THAT!



NOW FOR A  
MORE POINTED  
TALK WITH  
CARLOTA! GIDDAP  
BLACK JACK!



*S*OME TIME LATER...

THERE SHE IS!  
AND SHE'S GOT  
THE SUITS OF ARMOR  
WITH HER AGAIN! IT  
SEEMS I ARRIVED  
JUST IN TIME!

# SIX-GUN HEROES



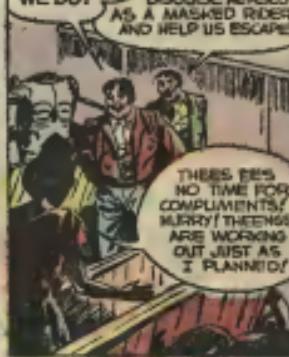
# SIX-GUN HEROES

ALL RIGHT, PEDRO... YOU TOO, PANCHO! THAT MARSHAL SWINE HE'S GONE! I FIGURED EEN HE CAME BACK THESE SUITS OF ARMOR WOULD THROW HEEM OFF THE TRAIL.



NOBODY EVER HAD A PRETTIER OR SMARTER SISTER THAN WE DO!

OR BRAVER! WHO ELSE WOULD HAVE DARED TO DISEGUISE HERSELF AS A MASKED RIDER AND HELP US ESCAPE?



NOW CLIMB QUICKLY INTO THESE SUITS OF ARMOR. I USED THEM TO GET YOU OUT OF MEXICO AND THEY WHEEL DO TO GET YOU OUT OF THE STATES! EVEN EEN WE RUN BENTO LAKE HE WHEEL NOT LOOK FOR YOU INSIDE SINCE HE DEED ONCE... AND FOUND NOTHING!



**B**UT... I KNEW I WAS ON THE RIGHT TRACK! GOOD THING I DOUBLED BACK AS SOON AS I GOT OUT OF SIGHT OR I MIGHT HAVE MISSED THIS TOUCHING SCENE!



# SIX-GUN HEROES



YOU  
CAN  
ALSO  
FOLLOW  
THE  
ADVENTURES  
OF  
ROCKY  
LANE  
IN HIS OWN  
MAGAZINE,  
**ROCKY  
LANE  
WESTERN,**  
EVERY  
MONTH!  
ONLY 10¢  
AT YOUR  
LOCAL  
NEWSSTAND!

# Tex Ritter "MIDNIGHT MADNESS"

DANCE  
DON

HOW IN  
Tarnation CAN WE  
SLEEP WITH ALL THAT  
Yowlin' GOIN' ON OUT  
IN THE HILLS?

BOUNDS AS IF  
SOMEONE'S SEARCHIN'  
THE WOODS WITH  
BLOODHOUNDS!

WOOF!  
GROWL!  
WOOF  
WOOF!

AT THIS TIME  
OF NIGHT, TEX! HE  
MUST'VE LOST SOMETHING  
MIGHTY IMPORTANT!



GOOD LUCK,  
TEX! SURE HOPE  
IT AINT' A PACK  
OF WOLVES!

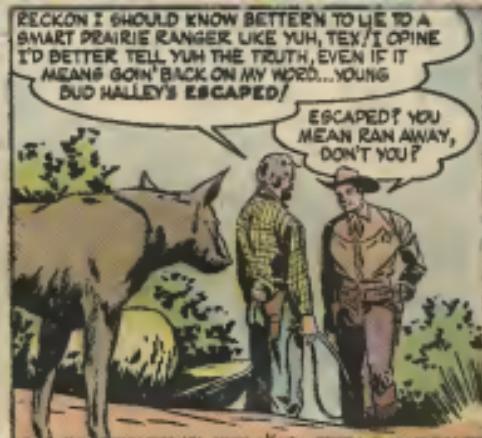
THEY COULDN'T BE  
ANY WORSE THAN SOME  
OF THE HUMAN WOLVES  
TEX HAS TANGLED WITH  
SINCE HE BECAME A  
PRAIRIE RANGER!

SHORTLY  
AFTER...

WAIT HERE, WHITE  
FLASH! SOUNDS TO ME  
LIKE THOSE HOWLS ARE  
COMING FROM THE OTHER  
SIDE OF THIS  
BRUSH!



# SIX-GUN HEROES



# SIX-CUN HEROES

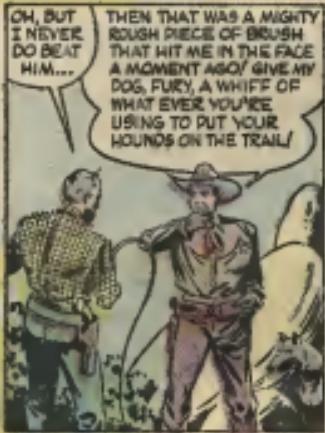
IT'S A TERRIBLE THING, TEX, BUT IT'S TRUE! THE LAD'S BEEN CRAZY FOR THE PAST FIVE YEARS! HIS FOLKS BUILT A SPECIAL ROOM IN THE ATTIC...FOR WHEN HE'D GET ONE OF HIS VIOLENT MOODS! A ROOM WITH BARS ON THE DOOR AND WINDOWS!

HIS FOLKS WERE SO ASHAMED OF IT THAT JUST BEFORE THEY DIED THEY MADE ME PROMISE TO LOOK AFTER HIM... AND NEVER TO BREATHE A WORD OF IT TO NOBODY!

IF THIS ROOM HAD BARS HOW COULD HE ESCAPE?

I HATE TO ADMIT IT, TEX, BUT I GOT CARELESS, AND LEFT THE DOOR OPEN!

I WOULDN'T EXACTLY CALL THAT MUCH OF AN INDUCEMENT FOR HIM TO COME HOME! IF HE'S REALLY OFF HIS HEAD, HE CAN'T HELP WHAT HE DOES! THERE'S NO REASON TO BEAT HIM!



AS THE DOGS PICK UP THE SCENT... DANGELAST IT! THIS IS THE FOURTH TIME TONIGHT THESE CRAZY DOGS HAVE FOLLOWED HIM TO THE EDGE OF THIS CREEK, AND THEN LOST HIM! HE MUST HAVE CROSSED IT!

THEN WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR?

I SURE HATE TO BE PUTTIN' YUN TO ALL THIS TROUBLE, TEX... AINT NO JOB WORTH THE TIME OF A PRAIRIE RANGER!



# SIX-GUN HEROES

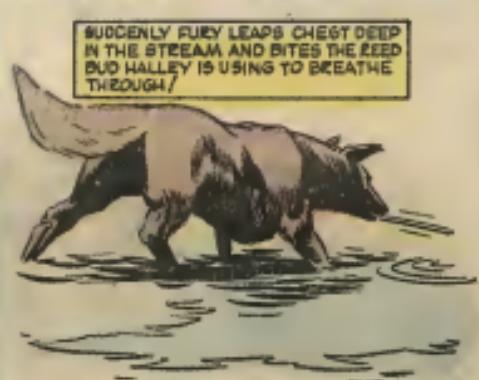
DOGS DON'T SEEM TO BE ABLE TO PICK UP THE SCENT!

WELL, IF HE DID CROSS THE CREEK HE HAD TO GO ONE OF TWO WAYS! LET'S SEPARATE... I'LL TAKE THIS TRAIL!

BUT FURY KEEPS TURNING BACK...

AND AS TEX CHASES AFTER THE FLEEING FURY...

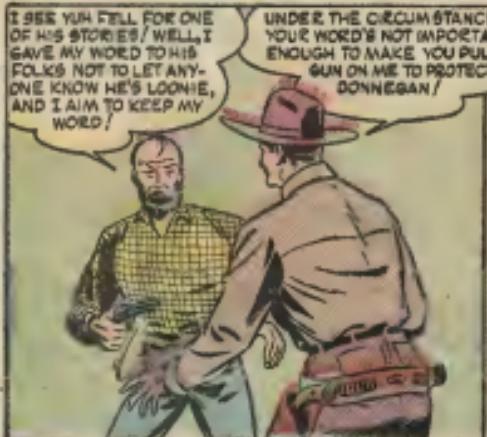
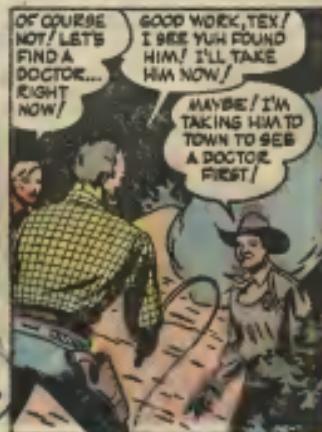
FURY'S STOPPING AT THE CREEK AGAIN! HE MUST HAVE SOME KIND OF REASON FOR ALL THIS...



# SIX-GUN HEROES



# SIX-GUN HEROES



# SIX-GUN HEROES



THE FAITHFUL FURY IS TORN BETWEEN RUSHING TO THE AID OF HIS MASTER, OR GOING TO THE DEFENSE OF THE FLEEING BOY...

...BUT, LIKE ALL RANGER DOGS, FURY HAS BEEN TAUGHT THAT THE SAFETY OF OTHERS COMES FIRST, EVEN BEFORE THEIR OWN MASTERS...



# SIX-GUN HEROES



# DEE DICKENS

DANGELBLAST IT! GUS FLEER CHEATED ME!  
HE SAID THIS HYAR PIECE OF PROPERTY  
WAS GOOD FARMIN'S SOIL AND SOLD IT  
TO ME FOR A HUNDRED DOLLARS! IT'S  
NOTHING BUT A WORTHLESS  
PIECE OF SWAMPLAND!

THE  
FOUND  
AND  
LOST  
TREASURE



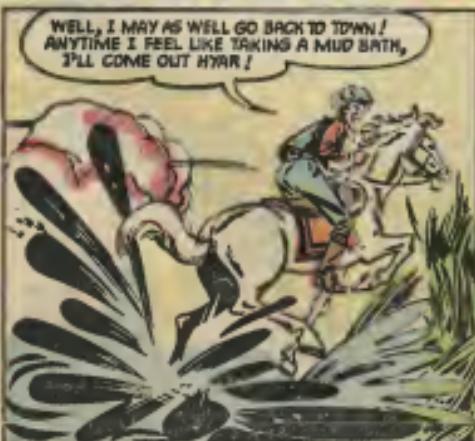
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN BETTER THAN TO  
BUY ANYTHING FROM FLEER WITHOUT LOOKING  
AT IT FIRST! IT SERVES ME RIGHT FOR BEING  
SUCH A TRUSTING FOOL!



THAR'S NO USE ASKING THAT NO-GOOD  
MAVERICK FOR MY MONEY BACK! HE'D JUST  
LAUGH IN MY FACE!



WELL, I MAY AS WELL GO BACK TO TOWN!  
ANYTIME I FEEL LIKE TAKING A MUD BATH,  
I'LL COME OUT HYAR!



I SURE HATE TO LET FLEER GET AWAY WITH THIS,  
BUT THAR'S NOTHING --- WAIT! I HAVE AN IDEA!  
I HAVE THAT OLD TREASURE CHEST AT HOME!  
IT'S JUST WHAT I NEED!



# SIX-GUN HEROES



# SIX-GUN HEROES



NOTHING MUCH, EH? YUH'RE JUST TRYING TO KEEP THE TRUTH FROM ME! I'LL BET IT'S FILLED WITH TREASURE -- JEWELS AND MONEY AND OTHER VALURBLES!

I'M NOT SAYING IT IS AND I'M NOT SAYING IT ISN'T! ALL I'LL DO IS THANK YUH FOR SELLING THAT LAND TO ME! IT WAS THE LUCKIEST BREAK I EVER GOT IN MY LIFE!

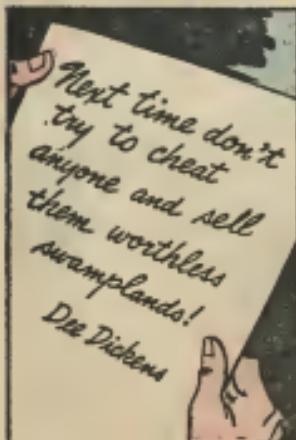
LISTEN, DEE, IT'S NOT FAIR THAT YUH SHOULD HAVE THAT TREASURE! WHEN I SOLD YUH THE PROPERTY I DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS OH IT! BY RIGHTS YUH SHOULD GIVE IT TO ME!

OH, NO! I BOUGHT THE PLACE, DIDN'T I? AND WHATEVER IS ON IT BELONGS TO ME!

BUT I NEVER WOULD HAVE SOLD YUH THE LAND IF I KNEW IT WAS THAR! THAR'S ONLY ONE REAL SQUARE-SHOOTING WAY OF HANDLING THIS! I'LL GIVE YUH THRE HUNDRED DOLLARS BACK FOR THE PROPERTY -- AND THE TREASURE CHEST!



# SIX-GUN HEROES





# I WILL TRAIN YOU AT HOME FOR GOOD PAY JOBS IN RADIO-TELEVISION

J. E. SMITH has trained more men for  
Radio-Television than any other man.

**America's Fast Growing Industry Offers You**

## I TRAINED THESE MEN



LOST JOB, HOW HAS OWN SHOP  
"I lost half of my machine shop  
jobs which I helped to keep  
going, so I decided to open  
a full time Radio-Television  
shop. I'm picking up every week." —  
F. G. Stiles, Dallas, Texas.



GOOD JOB WITH STATION  
"I'm Broadcast Director at  
WPLZ, a station I helped to  
start. I have opened a Radio-TV  
service shop, so our spare time  
is spent working on the shop  
and the station. We work  
hard, we have fun!" —  
R. Langley, Buffalo, Va.



GO TO HIS WEEK SPARE TIME  
"I'm a radio amateur after reading  
about NRI courses, was able to  
get a job. Average pay  
from \$15 a week up to \$100.  
Now have full time Radio and  
Television service shop. Work  
Wards, Brooklyn, New York."

## AVAILABLE TO VETERANS UNDER G.I. BILLS

### WANT YOUR OWN BUSINESS?

Let me show you how you can be your own  
boss. Many NRI trained men start their  
own business with capital earned in spare  
time. Here are some examples:

Mr. and Mrs. John M. Morris, whose store  
in Phoenix, Arizona, "is now the  
largest and best equipped Radio-TV  
service shop in the Southwest,"  
and "has the largest  
and the most  
modern work for dealers."  
Also full back  
in NRI textbooks for  
information.



### Television Is Today's Good Job Moker

TV sets need more maintenance  
now. Quality men need jobs  
as a service technician or  
operator. My course includes  
many lessons on TV. You get  
practical experience — work  
an average customer to both  
Radio and Television with my  
text. No other course is  
so thoroughly practical as mine.

2 FREE BOOKS  
SHOW HOW  
MAIL COUPON

## 1. EXTRA MONEY IN SPARE TIME →

Many students make \$5, \$10 a week and more EXTRA  
fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time while learning.  
The day you enroll I start sending you SPECIAL  
BOOKLETS that show you how. Tester you build with  
kits I send helps you make extra money servicing sets,  
gives practical experience on circuits common to Radio  
and Television. All equipment is yours to keep.

## 2. GOOD PAY JOB →

NRI Courses lead to these and many other jobs: Radio  
and TV service, P.A., Auto Radio, Lab, Factory, and  
Electronic Controls Technicians, Radio and TV Broadcast-  
ing, Police, Ship and Airways Operators and  
Technicians. Opportunities are increasing. The United  
States has over 105 million Radios—over 2,900 Broadcast-  
ing Stations—more expansion is on the way.

## 3. BRIGHT FUTURE →

Think of the opportunities in Television. Over 15,000,000  
TV sets are now in use; 185 TV stations are operating  
and 1896 new TV stations have been authorized . . .  
many of them expected to be in operation in 1953. This  
means more jobs—good pay jobs with bright futures.  
More operators, installation service technicians will be  
needed. Now is the time to get ready for a successful  
future in TV! Find out what Radio and TV offer you.



## You Learn Servicing or Communications by Practicing With Kits I Send

Keep your job while training at  
home. Hundreds of men trained are  
now successful RADIO-TELEVISION  
operators. Most have practical  
experience, many no more than  
graduation school education. Learn  
Radio-Television principles from  
illustrated lessons. You also get  
PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE. Pic-  
tured at left, are just a few of the  
kits you will receive. You build  
them at home. You learn  
practical skills with these circuits common  
to Radio and Television.

Mail Coupon—Find out what RADIO-  
TELEVISION Can Do for You.  
Ask Me! Send for my FREE  
DOUBLE OFFER. Order one  
of my books now. Receiving Lessons  
alone, or have my book by itself. You  
also receive my 64-page book "How  
to Be a Success in Radio-Television."  
Send money in envelope or paste on  
postcard. J. E. SMITH,  
National Radio School,  
816, Washington 2, D. C.  
Our 35th Year.

The ABCs of  
SERVICING

## Good for Both - FREE

Mr. & Mrs. J. E. SMITH, President, Sept. 1951.

National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.

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send plainly.)

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